

FREE GUIDE
TO JULY AND
AUGUST 1992

THE
TRIANGLE
CINEMA

WINONA RYDER IN JIM JARMUSCH'S

NIGHT ON EARTH

PAUL SHRADER'S 'LIGHT SLEEPER'

THE BEST INTENTIONS • HOWARDS END • BETTY BLUE

THE PLAYER • THE RAPTURE • AUTOBUS • EUROPA, EUROPA • THE PLAYBOYS

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Main Films

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PAUL SCHRADER

With the release of his latest film, *Light Sleeper*, writer-director Paul Schrader completes a semi-autobiographical trilogy of films begun with *Taxi Driver* and continued with *American Gigolo*, which follow the changes in one man's life and how they reflect the times he lives in. As Schrader himself says, "I wrote about this character when he was in his 20s [in *Taxi Driver*] and he was young, paranoid and angry... In *American Gigolo*, the character was examined in his 30s, when he was narcissistic, very self-involved. Now [in *Light Sleeper*] he's 40 and he's anxious. He's looking at the back stretch of his life, wondering . . . is there a plan?"

Taxi Driver (18) July 9-12

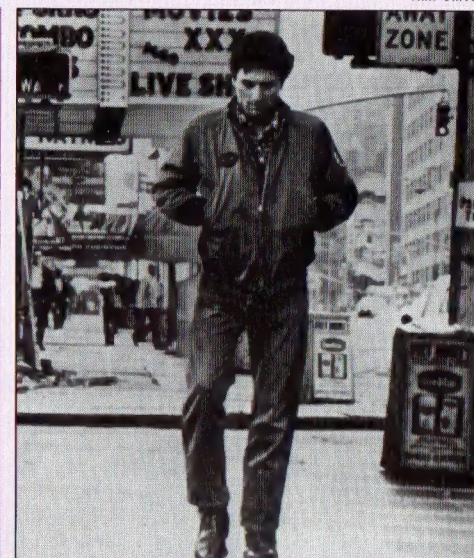
Director: Martin Scorsese. U.S.A., 1976.

Starring: Robert De Niro, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Harvey Keitel.
Colour. 114 mins.

Like James Dean some decades before, Robert De Niro—or rather Travis Bickle—comes slouching out of this movie, an emblem and lightning rod of urban alienation, of the frustrations of his time. Even the name is unforgettable: 'Travis' conjuring something romantic and heroic, some dream of glory, ill-starred perhaps and suicidal (it was a Travis who led the last stand at the Alamo), and 'Bickle' bringing us down to earth, an ugly sound, suggesting something mean and ill-formed. *Taxi Driver* was a watershed in American popular cinema. It was not a first film for its three leading talents—writer Paul Schrader, star De Niro and director Martin Scorsese—but it did establish the vocabulary for a new kind of cinema, one rooted in an immediate sensual present and a self-conscious awareness of cinema past.

It was written, in the first place, out of Schrader's own period of blackest depression, of loneliness and frustration and aimless driving about the city—it was an 'animal', as he put it, that jumped out of his head. To an extent, it remains an untamed beast, with a mood of misanthropy and misogyny that Bickle gives off and that the film too often indulges; it also ends with one of Schrader's most equivocal 'transcenden-

TAXI DRIVER



tal' scenes that perhaps equivocates in too many directions.

But between them, Schrader and Scorsese explore the 101 varieties of urban madness with a stunning visceral immediacy, even while making their own connections to the past, to the xenophobia and self-destructive obsession of that touchstone of the Movie Brat generation, John Ford's *The Searchers*. Everything in the film seems to spring from one personality, even De Niro's most famous act of improvisation, as Travis rehearses, alone in his room, his own death-or-glory mission, snarling into a mirror, "Are you talking to me? You must be 'cos I'm the only one here".

RICHARD COMBS

American Gigolo (18) July 1 & 2

Director: Paul Schrader. U.S.A., 1980.

Starring: Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Hector Elizondo.
Colour. 117 mins.

American Gigolo is a fascinating transitional film. It's the point where a young obsessive, with a corrupting taste for violent transcendence and religious ecstasy, a Calvinist who has somehow found himself in the unholy world of picture-making, turns into a film-maker who suddenly has room for aesthetics where before obsession was all. Perhaps *American Gigolo*, with its sumptuous look, its caressing attention to the body beautiful and to every consumerist indulgence its title would suggest, is the first real dramatisa-

tion of how Schrader was seduced by cinema—without the rampaging hard men of *Taxi Driver*, *Blue Collar* or *Hardcore* as action heroes—and from here on a sexual drugs-and-murder plot—a polymorphous blurring and sense of transgression begins to overtake Schrader's films (full-flowered in *The Comfort of Strangers*).

To be sure, Schrader's gigolo, Julian Kay (Richard Gere), is a man who, like his past heroes, needs to overcome himself. The difference here is that "what he is building toward is not an explosion but an implosion". Julian's problem is that he has perfected himself as a vehicle for others' pleasure, but is unable to receive love (interesting that his problem of 'selflessness' manifests itself as extreme narcissism; it's the most passive version of Schrader's problem of self-expression begetting self-destruction).

Julian's way out of his dilemma is also less violent than his predecessors—though he is involved in a sleazy drugs-and-murder plot—and Schrader delivers his most justifiable moment of Bressonian transcendence at the end. For all that, the moment remains a little forced; perhaps Julian should be seen as a rough sketch for Schrader's most completely realised hero of the incomplete self—the heroine of *Patty Hearst*.

RICHARD COMBS

Light Sleeper (15) July 3-8

Director: Paul Schrader. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Willem Dafoe, Susan Sarandon, Dana Delany, David Clennon.
Colour. 103 mins.

In his film *Maidstone*, Norman Mailer described his concept of film-making as an attack on reality—the film and its maker being like a boxer who is constantly turning and shifting to feint and jab at his opponent. Of all current American directors, Schrader perhaps comes closest to fitting that description: his work has a consistency

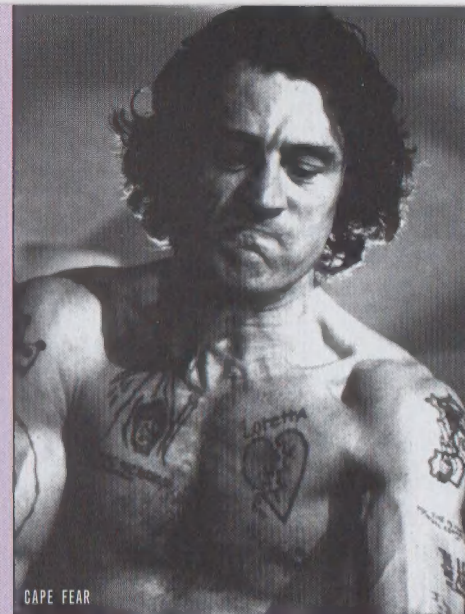
of theme and certainly of character obsession, while its aesthetic attitudes are constantly changing, his way of tackling a subject, sometimes ecstatically mingling with it, sometimes holding it up for remote, fascinated inspection. Schrader's two films prior to *Light Sleeper* exemplify the two extremes at their most extreme: shutting us in a box with Patty Hearst, or inviting us to witness a dance of Death in Byzantine Venice in *The Company of Strangers*. And *Light Sleeper* contains the two extremes at something less than their most extreme: Schrader seems for the first time not to be attacking reality but anthologising his own films.

The hero, John LeTour (Willem Dafoe), is a drug dealer and, at forty, a vaguely alienated man, a Travis Bickle moving through the high-rent world of *American Gigolo*'s Julian Kay. He is neither as pointedly bitter as the first, however, nor as emotionally paralysed as the second. He is in mid-life crisis, and the very mundaneness of his condition has perhaps neutralised Schrader's dramatic instincts: he seems to be going through the motions, right up to the shoot-out that will put LeTour in prison in order really to free him, and bring him together with the woman (Susan Sarandon) who has been his psychic mate throughout. To pick up a cue from its title, however, *Light Sleeper* is floating somewhere above Schrader's deepest nightmares, in touch with them but not over-burdened by them, and in its confident palette of light and colour a marvelous frieze of New York street scenes, where *Taxi Driver* was a savage action painting. RICHARD COMBS

Cape Fear (18) July 1-5

Director: Martin Scorsese. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis.
Colour. Panavision. Dolby Stereo SR. 128 mins.

Having found little commercial success with his best work of the 80s, director Martin Scorsese finally hit the jackpot with this deliberately overwrought horror-thriller. It's a remake of J. Lee Thompson's 1961 minor cult classic, a black-and-white chiller in which Robert Mitchum's sadistic ex-con embarks on a revenge mission by terrorising a self-righteous lawyer (played, appropriately enough, by Gregory Peck) and his cosy middle class family. Whilst following the same basic plot, the Scorsese version (adapted by scriptwriter Lesley Strick) undermines the original's clear-cut morality and turns the whole piece into one of the director's most flamboyant explorations of his favourite themes of sin, guilt and redemption. Scorsese and De Niro have



CAPE FEAR

reinvented Mad Max Cady as a self-educated, religion-obsessed demon whose twisted mind is programmed to wreak vengeance on attorney Sam Bowden (Nick Nolte) and his family. In marked contrast to the earlier film, Scorsese portrays the Bowdens as an unstable unit comprising unsatisfied wife, precocious teenage daughter and guilt-ridden father. The source of Sam's guilt is not only his flirtations with a female colleague, but also his deliberate suppression of crucial evidence when he acted as Cady's defence lawyer in a case involving horrific crimes of rape and violence.

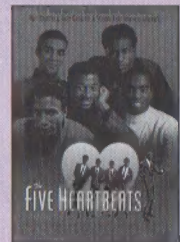
In Scorsese's film, no-one is innocent, as demonstrated in *Cape Fear*'s two great scenes. The first involves Cady's creepy encounter with Bowden's daughter in an empty theatre ("I'm the Big Bad Wolf", whispers De Niro), and the second follows when the nubile teenager is questioned about what happened by her embarrassed father ("Wipe that smile off your face!", snarls Nolte). For the most part, though, Scorsese opts for more spectacular effects or plays with audience expectations as derived from the earlier film or from the whole genre of the horror-thriller. The problem with this approach is highlighted in the extravagant climax, which is certainly a technical *tour de force* but doesn't succeed in bringing together the film's ideas about guilt and redemption in the way the director managed to achieve in the extraordinary final section of *Taxi Driver*. Perhaps, as one critic noted, Scorsese could have benefited from the influence of his former scriptwriter, Paul Schrader.

PETER WALSH

The Five Heartbeats (15) July 3-8

Director: Robert Townsend. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Robert Townsend, Michael Wright, Harry J. Lennox, Leon.
Colour. Panavision. Dolby Stereo. 122 mins.

Robert Townsend's ambitious new film is about a group of black American rhythm and blues artists who team up in the 1960s and find success by combining harmonies with slick choreography. In contrast to Townsend's low-budget, irreverent comedy *Hollywood Shuffle*, the new film is a large-scale, mainstream movie filled with positive black role models and spectacular musical sequences. The result is a sweet, upbeat entertainment.



Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café (12) July 10-12

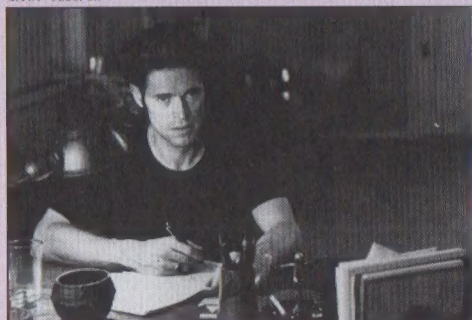
Director: Jon Avnet. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Mary Stuart Masterson, Mary Louise Parker, Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy.
Colour. Dolby stereo. 130 mins.

Polite Southern lady Evelyn has had enough of her couch potato husband. She strikes up a friendship with Ninny, an old woman who launches into recollections of her family and friends who once ran a café in Whistle Stop, Alabama. The stories tell of adversity and a murder mystery and they give Evelyn the strength to fight back in her own life. In the tradition of the Old Southern story-teller, *Fried Green Tomatoes* weaves together disparate lives and cherished times in a tale of family, friendship, retribution, morals, memorable meals, and, of course, the occasional murder. Adapted from the novel by Fannie Flagg, and handsomely filmed by director Jon Avnet, the film also boasts an outstanding ensemble of America's finest actresses.

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES



LIGHT SLEEPER





THE MAMBO KINGS

The Mambo Kings (15) July 13-16

Director: Arne Glimcher. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Antonio Banderas, Cathy Moriarty, Armand Assante.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. 104 mins.

Based on Oscar Hijuelos's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, this is a spirited evocation of the mambo craze which swept through post-war America. Cuban musicians Cesar and Nestor Castillo (Armand Assante and Antonio Banderas) arrive in New York to find love, greed (scheming club owners) and, ultimately, fame (culminating in a brief appearance on the "I Love Lucy" show). Cesar thrives on the success of their band and relentlessly pursues sex and the Yankee dollar, while his mournful brother laments his lost love and homeland.

First-time director Arne Glimcher establishes a restless pace, from the opening violence which sends the brothers packing, through to the energetic, swirling musical sequences. Screenwriter Cynthia Cidre tones down some of the book's flamboyance and machismo, emphasising the eroticism of sudden passion and repressed desire . . . Go see; even if you know nothing about mambo, you'll emerge a convert.

COLETTE MAUDE/TIME OUT

Mississippi Masala (15) July 13-16

Director: Mira Nair. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Denzel Washington, Sarita Choudhury.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. 113 mins.

Mississippi Masala, Mira Nair's follow-up to *Salaam Bombay!*, confirms the director's status as a rare young talent with a unique voice and vision. Within the structure of a love story, Nair

effortlessly and convincingly confronts questions of race and identity. The story opens in Uganda in 1972, when Idi Amin expelled the country's Asian population. One Hindi family forced to leave friends, possessions and homeland behind move to the U.S., where they settle in Greenwood, Mississippi. The father, played by Roshan Seth, does odd jobs at a motel and dreams of returning to Africa to reclaim his property, while his wife runs a liquor store. Life is uneventful until the day their daughter Mina (Sarita Choudhury) collides with a truck owned by Demetrius (Denzel Washington) . . .

LEONARD KLADY/SCREEN INTERNATIONAL

The Best Intentions (Den Goda Viljan) (15) July 17-26

Director: Bille August. Sweden, 1992.
Starring: Samuel Fröler, Pernilla August, Max von Sydow, Ghita Nørby.
Colour. Stereo sound. Subtitled. 180 mins.

Ten years ago, the great Swedish film-maker Ingmar Bergman said farewell to the cinema with Fanny and Alexander, a magnificent summing up of the director's art and a seemingly perfect conclusion to an extraordinary career that spanned forty years. Ten years later, the Bergman-scripted The Best Intentions wins the coveted Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival. Happily, the prolific Bergman, who has always felt a strong need to share his personal obsessions, continues to communicate with us, even in semi-retirement and through the voice of others.

According to Bergman, the script for The Best Intentions developed from his researches into his own past when preparing The Magic Lantern, a series of autobiographical reminiscences. Feeling that the story of his parents' early life together required a separate treatment, Bergman "started to write and imagine things about them". He finished the script in 1989 and sent it to director Bille August, whose Pelle the Conqueror had impressed Bergman. August was enthusiastic about the project, and the result was a three-hour film and six-hour television series, filmed at the same time but from different scripts.

The story spans ten crucial years in the relationship of Henrik Bergman (Samuel Fröler) and Anna Åkerblom (Pernilla August), from their first meeting in 1909 to the early summer of 1918. He's a financially strapped theology student in the university town of Uppsala, and

THE BEST INTENTIONS



she's the strong-minded daughter of rich, doting parents (Ghita Nørby, Max von Sydow). Henrik has been seeing another woman, Frida (Lena Endre). Despite that, Anna hangs in and they make love, but Henrik is forced to withdraw when Anna's mother puts her foot down. Only when Anna's father dies—while she and mom are vacationing in Italy—are the two finally allowed to meet again, in a moving scene some eighty minutes in that effectively wraps the story's exposition.

The remainder of the film follows the couple to the northern village of Forsboda, where Henrik has been posted as a pastor. Rifts between the now-married couple deepen when they take in a withdrawn kid, Petrus. The strain proves too much for Anna and when Petrus tries to drown their young baby, she finally starts to rebel against her husband's obsessive Samaritanism. Henrik becomes more solitary, and Anna is angered that he's rejected a comfortable royal posting in Stockholm. She finally packs her bags and moves back in with mother. The film ends with a shamed Henrik asking for a second chance as Anna is already swollen with the future Ingmar.

Unlike Bergman's own *Fanny and Alexander*, with which the film shares some themes, *The Best Intentions* eschews a busy canvas of characters in favour of a simple story about two lovers separated by their ideals. Bergman's script succinctly weaves in references to themes explored in his own earlier films, notably the destructive force of worship when used as a crutch for human weaknesses.

DEREK ELLEY/VARIETY

Pelle the Conqueror (15) July 25 & 26

Director: Bille August. Denmark/Sweden, 1987.
Starring: Max von Sydow, Pelle Hvenegaard, Erik Paaske.
Colour. Subtitled. Dolby Stereo. 150 mins.

Before his success at Cannes with *The Best Intentions*, Bille August had already collected the festival's main prize (and a Best Foreign Film Oscar) for this impressive epic based on the first part of a four-volume novel by the socialist author Martin Anderson Nexø. The story begins with the young Pelle and his ageing father arriving in Denmark at the turn of the century. They have come from Sweden in search of work and a better life, only to discover that conditions are as difficult as in their poverty-stricken homeland. Hired as little more than slave labourers at the bleak and aptly named Stone Farm, father and son struggle to survive the harshness of a brutal regime.

It's an unsentimental tale told through the eyes of the youngster, whose education and enlightenment are contrasted with the various disappointments and defeats suffered by the adult characters. Unlike his boastful but weak father, Pelle learns from his experiences and manages to escape the vicious circle of life at Stone Farm. This theme of self-discovery is embedded in a powerful rural drama in which the forces of nature assume a symbolic significance. Thus the importance of the coastal village setting and the Thomas Hardy-style use of the changing seasons. It is here that the film scores with its excellent use of locations and muted colour photography. As in *The Best Intentions*, August manages to retain a firm grip on a narrative filled with dramatic conflicts. He also proves his skill with actors by eliciting totally convincing performances from the young Pelle Hvenegaard in the title role and veteran Max von Sydow as the father.

PETER WALSH

PELLE THE CONQUEROR





The Double Life of Véronique (15) July 27-30

Director: Krzysztof Kieślowski. France/Poland, 1991.
Starring: Irène Jacob, Philippe Volter, Claude Duneton.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. French and Polish dialogue; English subtitles. 92 mins.

An ambitious French-Polish co-production, *The Double Life of Véronique* is director Krzysztof Kieślowski's most mysterious yet compelling work to date. It's a film in two parts—the first set in Poland and the second in France—but much of its fascination has to do with the connections and parallels Kieślowski draws between the stories of his twin heroines. Though not related by family, the two women are virtually identical, sharing physical and psychological traits as well as musical talent and a rare heart disease. Unknowingly, they also share each other's wisdom, so that each can learn from the other's experiences. Life will depart from one but continue in the other, as if transmitted to another person, another body, by an unconscious unity of soul.

The new film combines some of the concerns of Kieślowski's earlier *Short Film About Killing* and *Short Film About Love*. For example, the notion that mysterious connections can exist between seemingly unrelated characters (the young murderer and the newly qualified lawyer in *Killing*, the voyeur and the object of his desire in *Love*) is developed here in the form of the Polish Weronika and the French Véronique, whose lives and destinies are linked by forces which are beyond their comprehension. Kieślowski sets himself the extremely difficult task of making a film about the unknown mental or even spiritual forces that help to shape our actions. Such a project makes very great demands on Irène Jacob as Weronika and Véronique. She responds magnificently to the challenge with a performance worthy of one of Ingmar Bergman's great actresses. Other major contributions to the film's

outstanding achievements come from Slawomir Idziak's cinematography (a remarkable series of refracted or reflected images and filtered light) and Zbigniew Preisner's mesmerising musical score.

PETER WALSH

Pepi, Luci, Bom and Other Girls on the Heap (Pepi, Luci, Bom y otras chicas del montón) (18) July 27-30

Director: Pedro Almodóvar. Spain, 1980.
Starring: Carmen Maura.
Colour. Subtitled. 80 mins.

Following the success of his recent films in this country, Pedro Almodóvar's early works are gradually finding their way into British distribution. *Pepi, Luci, Bom* . . . is Almodóvar's outrageous, rough-edged first feature and introduces many of the Spanish director's favourite things—kitsch design, flamboyant costumes, Carmen Maura, Madrid housing estates, bizarre sexuality, drugs, the tackier elements of consumer culture, and much more besides.

Pepi (Carmen Maura) seeks revenge for a rape perpetrated by a policeman. The plot, involving a gallery of 'Almodóvarian' characters, glides over the life of pop bands, video making, drugs, a lesbian love affair with sado-masochistic overtones (including a 'golden shower' scene) and a 'General Erections Contest'. Non-conformist, with a nerve that takes the permissible to the limits, Almodóvar's film has been described as "a healthy, well-intentioned punch in the nose".

ROSA BOSCH

Howards End (PG) July 31-August 5

Director: James Ivory. U.K., 1992.
Starring: Anthony Hopkins, Vanessa Redgrave, Helena Bonham Carter.
Colour. Panavision. Dolby Stereo. 140 mins.

This is the story of two families, the Schlegels and the Wilcoxes. Margaret, Helen and Tibby Schlegel are bright, beautiful and, compared with most Edwardians, open-minded. The Wilcoxes, with the sole exception of Mrs W, are not. When Helen (Helena Bonham Carter, naturally) carries a torch for Paul W she gets her fingers burned, but Margaret (Emma Thompson) strikes up a fond friendship with Mrs W (Vanessa Redgrave), who then goes and spoils it all by dying. Her last wish is for Margaret to have her

HOWARDS END



house in the country, Howards End, but the wicked Wilcoxes destroy the will and secretly deny Margaret her inheritance. Then, would you believe it, Mr W (Anthony Hopkins) falls for her . . . Thus the stage is set for an action-packed saga of marriage, idealism, despair, pregnancy, exile and manslaughter conducted to the sound of skeletons rattling in the closet.

This is as close as E. M. Forster came to a revenge tragedy and the only way Ruth Praver Jhabvala's overlong screenplay can incorporate all the incident is by having more black-outs than a convention of epileptics. Still, hypocrisy and prejudice are seen to be trounced and director James Ivory—the Laura Ashley of the lens—ensures that throughout the seasons Howards End is an extremely desirable residence. All the performances—except James Wilby's twitching baddy—are impeccable but top honours go to Thompson who, against the odds, manages to make Margaret's saintliness actually seem seductive. Fans of Merchant-Ivory will be delighted.

MARK SANDERSON/TIME OUT

'DIVA' & 'BETTY BLUE'

A new print of Jean-Jacques Beineix's stunning first feature, *Diva*, is showing here alongside the release of the director's own cut of *Betty Blue*, which is now an hour longer than the original release version.

Diva (15) July 23-26

Director: Jean-Jacques Beineix. France, 1981.
Starring: Frédéric Andrei, Wilhelmina Wiggins Fernandez, Richard Bohringer.
Colour. Subtitled. 125 mins.

A marvellous amalgam of sadistic thriller and fairytale romance, drawing on a wild diversity of genres from *film noir* to Feuillade serials. The

deliriously off-hand plot, cheekily parodying Watergates and French Connections, has switched tapes setting a pair of psychopathic hoods on the trail of a young postal messenger, turning his obsessive dream—of romance with a beautiful black opera singer whose performance on stage he has secretly recorded—into a nightmare from which he is rescued by a timely *deus ex machina* (clearly a descendant of the great Judex). The most exciting début in years, it is unified by the extraordinary décor—colour supplement chic meets pop art surrealism—which creates a world of totally fantastic reality situated four-square in contemporary Paris.

TOM MILNE/TIME OUT

Betty Blue (37°2 le matin) (18) August 6-9

Director: Jean-Jacques Beineix. France, 1986 (version integrale, 1991).
Starring: Béatrice Dalle, Jean-Hugues Anglade, Consuelo De Havilland, Gérard Darmon.
Colour. Subtitled. 183 mins. (version integrale).

Now available for the first time in Beineix's preferred cut and running an hour longer than the version he felt obliged to provide his financial backers in 1986 (the film followed the unjustly maligned and commercially disastrous *The Moon in the Gutter*), *Betty Blue* emerges as probably the director's finest achievement to date. *L'amour fou* remains the central theme, as easy-going would-be writer Zorg (Jean-Hugues Anglade) is swept away by the impulsive beauty Betty (Béatrice Dalle). Discovering that her lover has written an unpublished novel, Betty decides that he's a literary genius and determines that the world should know about it. But the frustration of this fantasy, along with her failure to have the child she craves, topples Betty's reason and leads to a tragic outcome.

One of the virtues of this extended version is that Betty's movement from happy, lustful lover to a creature possessed by self-destructive forces seems much less abrupt and schematic. Additional gags, digressions and outlandish set-pieces have also been incorporated, but this remains the one film in which the talented Beineix manages to attach his bravura style to a strong emotional subject and solid characterisations.

BETTY BLUE





THE PLAYER

ALTMAN & TOLKIN: 'THE PLAYER' & 'THE RAPTURE'

The Player (15) August 21-27

Director: Robert Altman. U.S.A., 1992.
Starring: Tim Robbins, Greta Scacchi, Fred Ward, Whoopi Goldberg, Peter Gallagher, Brion James.
Colour. Ultra Stereo. 124 mins.

Like all the best Robert Altman movies, *The Player* is both simple and totally mysterious, easy to describe and yet hard in the end to define. What can be described is how Altman agreed to do an adaptation of Michael Tolkin's novel about deal-making and art-crunching in Hollywood, about a young executive (Tim Robbins) who can do breakfast, juggle phone calls, and evaluate a story pitch (so long as it's not more than twenty-five words) in a flash. But somewhere along the line he has mortally offended one spurned writer, and now has reason to believe his life is in danger. Not content to treat this just as satire, Altman has turned it into a *Hollywood Canteen* movie, with stars popping up in odd frames—Anjelica Huston, Burt Reynolds, James Coburn, Susan Sarandon—or in film-within-the-film spoofs (Bruce Willis, Julia Roberts, Lily Tomlin) in order to take the piss out of their own profession.

It's at this point that *The Player* becomes harder to define. So steeped is it in the faces, the places, the business of Hollywood, so caught up in a mirror world of art reflecting life reflecting art that one has to ask what is it *really* about? In the end, it is less akin to the jamboree Altman movies like *M*A*S*H* and *Nashville* (though critics have been quick to acclaim it as a return to this particular form) than it is to the peculiar, dreamy, floating Altmans like *3 Women*, *Five of Dime* and, probably his most despised film, *Quintet*. In fact, if *Quintet* was, on the surface, a tale of a murderous futuristic society, and underneath a metaphor for Hollywood, then *The Player* is on the surface an enjoyable dig at Hollywood (the kind that even its targets can enjoy) and under-

neath a report from some obscure tribe whose life revolves around a ritualistic game.

RICHARD COMBS

The Rapture (15) August 10-13

Director: Michael Tolkin. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Mimi Rogers, Patrick Bauchau, David Duchovny.
Colour. 102 mins.

It would be hard to imagine two films more dissimilar than *The Player*, Robert Altman's adaptation of Michael Tolkin's Hollywood put-down, and Tolkin's own first essay as a writer-director, *The Rapture*. Where *The Player* is knowing, self-reflecting, a Pirandellian conceit within a *Nashville* frame, *The Rapture* is naïve and glassy, a film which seems to have deliberately decided not to be knowing and satirical in order to take us as close as possible to its subject. Its heroine (Mimi Rogers) ditches a life of alienated labour (as a telephone operator) and depraved sexuality (as part of a swinging twosome) when she finds God. Having found him, she's driven to doubt once more—just as, in the same matter-of-fact fashion in which everything happens here, Judgment Day is upon her.

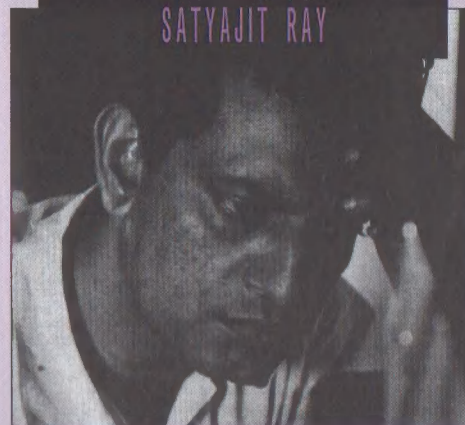
Both films, in their very different ways, are a tease. *The Player* tantalises and beguiles us by exposing the inner workings of Byzantine Hollywood—before it disappears into the whirl of its own involuted world. *The Rapture* is more of a hypnotising act: we follow, step by step, the heroine's path to madness—if madness is how you define it—before the film disappears into a flat demonstration that, to some minds, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse can be as real as some obnoxious Sunday driver in the rear-view mirror. It's possible to be both impressed by *The Rapture*—by the mild, observant way it tackles the world of born-again Christianity (what dress, for instance, should one wear for a date in the desert with God?)—and to be frustrated by the way mild observation leaves us, like the heroine, some way short of the Promised Land.

RICHARD COMBS

THE RAPTURE



TRIBUTE TO SATYAJIT RAY



THE APU TRILOGY

In this programme we pay a small tribute to Satyajit Ray, who died earlier this year. Ray's fairly large body of work earned him not only the reputation as one of India's greatest filmmakers but indeed as one of the key figures of world cinema. Whilst there was undoubtedly a huge influence on Ray by European cinema—in his début film, *Pather Panchali*, for example, Italian neo-realism was widely recognised as a source of inspiration—his work was critically well received not just by the West but in India as well. In fact, *Pather Panchali* was a considerable box-office success in India well before its arrival in Europe.

EVELYN WILSON

Pather Panchali (*Song of the Road*) (U) August 10 (6.30 p.m.)

Director: Satyajit Ray. 1955.
Starring: Kanu Banerjee, Karuna Banerjee, Subir Banerjee.
Black and white. Subtitled. 115 mins.

Aparajito (*The Unvanquished*) (U) August 11 (6.30 p.m.)

Director: Satyajit Ray. India, 1956.
Starring: Piaki Sen Gupta, Kanu Banerjee, Subodh Ganguly.
Black and white. Subtitled. 113 mins.

The World of Apu (*Apur Sansar*) (U) August 12 (6.30 p.m.)

Director: Satyajit Ray. India, 1958.
Starring: Soumitra Chatterji, Sharmila Tagore, Shapan Mukerji.
Black and white. Subtitled. 106 mins.

Based on two classic novels by Bibhuti Bhushan Bandyopadhyaya, *Pather Panchali* and its two sequels have inevitably been compared to Mark Donskoi's great Maxim Gorki trilogy: a boy's discovery of the eternal *vérités* as his family move from poverty in the village to poverty in the city, and as he grows up indelibly marked by the wounds and joys of death, love and birth. With its timeless images infused by a lyrical wonder that always seemed to escape the Italian neo-realists—the two children gazing in awe at their ancient grandmother sitting under the bamboos where she has suddenly and peacefully died, or racing across a field of flowers to capture the magical romance of a passing train—*Pather Panchali* tells a story that has been told in many languages, and presents no problems to either those who like it or those who don't.

This tribute to Ray is presented in association with Vokani Film Circuit.

Autobus (*Aux Yeux du Monde*) (15) August 14-20

Director: Eric Rochant. France, 1991.
Starring: Yvan Attal, Marc Berman, Kristin Scott-Thomas, Charlotte Gainsbourg.
Colour. Subtitled. 95 mins.

After his highly resonant portrait of twenty-something Parisian ennui in the excellent *A World Without Pity*, emerging French director Eric Rochant's second feature examines with similar perspicacity the sense of frustration and limited horizons simmering away amidst young people in the country's provincial heartlands. Bored with his surroundings and the friends who tease him about his affections for Juliette (Charlotte Gainsbourg), an apprentice hairdresser he met on holiday but who lives in another town, Bruno (Yvan Attal) one day decides to take his destiny into his own hands and prove that "she's worth doing something crazy for".

Revolver in hand, he hijacks the local school bus and orders the driver (Marc Berman) to follow the route miles out of his way that'll reunite him with his beloved. Understandably, the teacher on board (Kristin Scott-Thomas) is concerned for the safety of her young charges, for as the police start tailing the vehicle and the media get wind of the incident, pressure is clearly mounting on the volatile Bruno. Yet the longer the journey goes on, the more she comes to understand that he's less a dangerous psychotic than an ordinary bloke who for once in his life wants the rest of humanity to register that he



exists—hence the original French title, *Aux Yeux du Monde*, which translates as *In the Eyes of the World*.

On one level, Rochant's film is an accessible and exciting heist picture in the Hollywood mode, pumping up the tension with considerable aplomb—we could hardly be further from *A World Without Pity*'s tone of moody listlessness—and bringing off the difficult trick of gradually building up audience sympathy for its gun-toting protagonist. As the net inexorably draws in around Bruno, both the teacher and the driver begin to feel more than a little admiration for his grand, anti-heroic gesture, and perhaps also a touch of sadness that their own everyday lives may never burn with such passion. Rochant is clearly going from strength to strength, but what's most memorable here is Yvan Attal's incandescent performance as the not-quite-in-control hijacker who gets more than he bargained for with a bus full of screaming French schoolkids.

TREVOR JOHNSTON

The Playboys (12)

August 14-20

Director: Gillies MacKinnon. U.K./U.S.A., 1992.
Starring: Albert Finney, Aidan Quinn, Robin Wright, Milo O'Shea.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. 109 mins.

In a remote Irish border village in 1957, unwed mother Tara (Robin Wright) sets the locals afire with desire, disapproval and rumour. While the women and the priest lecture her on the wages of sin and the need to disclose the name of her baby's father, the menfolk, most notably Police Sergeant Hegarty (Albert Finney), hover like moths around a flame, only to meet with rejection. The situation worsens when she finally yields to the charms of Tom (Aidan Quinn), tale-spinning member of a visiting troupe of travelling players led by the irrepressibly optimistic Freddie (Milo O'Shea). Will Tara let Tom whisk her off to America? Or will Hegarty's lovelorn jealousy get the better of the pair?

Directed by Gillies MacKinnon with great pace and a minimum of moralising and maudlin sentimentality, Shane Connaughton and Kerry Crabbe's tale of passion threatened by repressed, close-knit society makes for a superior period drama—as tough, touching and witty as Connaughton's *My Left Foot*. Much credit is due to the cast, particularly Finney, who brings a melancholy gravity to a film which elsewhere steers sensibly clear of solemnity. The scenes of the troupe's hammy renditions of (fittingly) *Othello* and *Gone with the Wind* are especially funny; the twists and ironies of the simple but effective plot are handled smoothly but with sufficient clarity to bring out every emotional and psychological nuance; and time, place and mood are sensitively and economically evoked. Solid, intelligent entertainment, then, mercifully free of the usual 'Oirish' clichés. GEOFF ANDREW/TIME OUT

Night on Earth (15)

August 21-24, 26-31

Director: Jim Jarmusch. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Winona Ryder, Gena Rowlands, Béatrice Dalle, Roberto Benigni.
Colour. 120 mins.

Jim Jarmusch's latest offering is a transglobal taxicab comedy which strings together five different vignettes in five different cities, each observing in wry detail the singular relationship between passenger and driver as they speed towards their destination.

Enterprisingly cast throughout, the quintet's opening L.A. story features Winona Ryder as a feisty cabbie deeply unimpressed by high-powered Hollywood agent Gena Rowlands, while Armin Mueller-Stahl tackles a lighter role as an amiable East German immigrant cabbie being given a lesson in Brooklyn street wisdom by Spike Lee veteran Giancarlo Esposito in the New York segment. The Paris section boasts the return of Béatrice Betty Blue Dalle as a blind girl who opens the eyes of prejudiced driver Isaach de Bankolé (whom you may have seen in Claire Denis's acclaimed post-colonial piece *Chocolat*); Rome finds itself represented by Roberto Benigni and the sort of scabrous cabbie's tales which give his priestly fare (Paolo Bonacelli) a heart attack; and we end the evening in Helsinki—

THE PLAYBOYS



where else?—with a drunken cabful of Aki Kaurismaki regulars making hilarious efforts to top each other's tragedy-strewn chronicles of Scandinavian gloom.

Although shot in colour like its Memphis-set predecessor *Mystery Train*, *Night on Earth*'s rum-bustious Tom Waits soundtrack and energetic mugging courtesy of maestro Benigni ensure that echoes of the writer-producer-director's daffily underplayed and distinctly monochrome past glories are never far away. These days the deliberately static shots and chunks of black leader may have disappeared from the frame, but as Jarmusch's formal approach grows ever more conventional, his powers of human insight seem to have appreciably widened in scope. The oddball wit is still there in the New York instalment, yet the pointed comment on cultural blinkeredness in the Parisian piece and the extraordinary way in which the closing Finnish saga takes an acknowledged leaf out of the wacky Kaurismaki book and manages to be truly deadpan, very funny and deeply emotive at the same time, make this Jarmusch's most wise and rounded film to date. And apart from a slight tendency to drag during the over-extended Italian outing, the performances throughout are typically cherishable from this most undervalued director of actors.

TREVOR JOHNSTON

SPECIAL PREVIEW

Les Amants du Pont-Neuf

(18)

August 25 (8.00 p.m.)

Director: Léos Carax. France, 1991.
Starring: Juliette Binoche, Denis Lavant, Klaus-Michael Grüber.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. Subtitled. 125 mins.

To celebrate the cinema's 15th birthday, we've arranged a preview of Léos Carax's ravishing *Les Amants du Pont-Neuf*, the most expensive love story in French film history. The film is an ode

to both Paris and its leading actress, the wonderful Juliette Binoche, who made such an impact in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. Binoche plays Michèle, a slumming artist losing her sight, and Carax's regular leading man, Denis Lavant, is a fire-eating street punk. The couple fall in love against the backdrop of the Pont-Neuf, and Carax embellishes the sky with some of the most visually amazing scenes ever filmed.

Please note that a limited number of tickets will be available to the public for this special screening. The film will open for a run at the Triangle on September 25. Our thanks to Artificial Eye Film Company for the preview.

Europa, Europa (15)

August 28-31

Director: Agnieszka Holland. France/Germany, 1991.
Starring: Salomon Perel, Marco Hofschneider, René Hofschneider.
Colour. Subtitled. 112 mins.

Although both its look and its subject matter are familiar—from *Mephisto* and *The Tin Drum*—Agnieszka Holland's war story is all the more unsettling for being true. Salomon Perel (Marco Hofschneider) is a young German Jew who flees eastwards as the Nazis move in on his community. Fate contrives to ensure his survival in the most peculiar way—by landing him first in a Soviet Komsomol school where he learns to be a fervent young Stalinist, then in a German frontline detachment where he passes as the flower of pure Aryan youth. Enrolled in an elite Hitler Youth academy, he falls for lovely, Jew-hating young Rhinemaiden Leni (Julie Delpy), but by this point the effort of hiding behind so many masks, not to mention hiding the most tangible physical evidence of his identity, is beginning to take its toll.

The story is so absurd that it could have come across as grotesque historical burlesque of the Günter Grass variety. Holland takes a more prosaic approach, but the ironies bite hard and occasional farcical moments add an unsettling edge to Perel's fortunes. Although the film takes a studiously old-school approach to history (the personal angle, realistic reconstruction on a grand scale), it conveys its sense of the horror of the Holocaust by alluding to it only obliquely. Perel's brief but chilling glimpse of the Lodz ghetto is all the grimmer for being set against his implausibly smooth picaresque progress. It's scarcely the hardest-edged film that could have been made on the subject, but the light touch works curiously to its advantage.

JONATHAN ROMNEY/TIME OUT

Matinees AND Late Nights



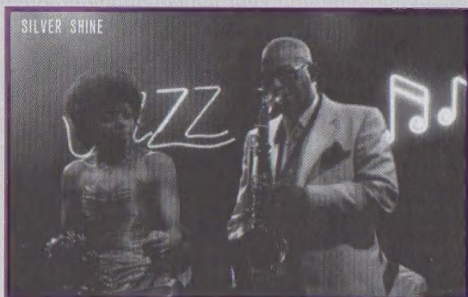
Please see the calendar on the back cover for performance times.

Cape Fear (18) July 1-5

See under Main Films for notes.

Taxi Driver (18) July 9-12

See under Main Films for notes.



JAZZ ALL-NIGHTER

Presented in association with Vokani Film Circuit and the Birmingham Jazz Festival.

Please note special prices: £6 and £4 (concessions).

July 10 (from 11.15 p.m.)

Silver Shine (U)

Director: Yugesh Walia. U.K., 1989.
Featuring: Andy Hamilton.
Colour. 16mm. 26 mins.

Andy Hamilton is a unique figure in Birmingham jazz. This film, shot entirely on location in the city, traces his

musical career, incorporating archive footage with a mixture of rehearsal, recording and performance.

Jazz on a Summer's Day (U)

Director: Bert Stern. U.S.A., 1960.
Featuring: Thelonius Monk, Louis Armstrong, Chuck Berry.
Colour. 85 mins.

A documentary record of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival.

Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones (12)

Director: Ellen Weissbrod. U.S.A., 1990.
Featuring: Quincy Jones, Ray Charles, Miles Davis.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. 115 mins.

A kaleidoscopic documentary constructed around interviews with Quincy Jones about his life and musical career.

Bird (15)

Director: Clint Eastwood. U.S.A., 1988.
Starring: Forest Whitaker, Diane Verona, Michael Zelniker.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. 160 mins.

Clint Eastwood's biopic about Charlie 'Bird' Parker.

Bugsy (18) July 16-19

Director: Barry Levinson. U.S.A., 1992.
Starring: Warren Beatty, Annette Bening, Harvey Keitel.
Colour. Dolby Stereo SR. 135 mins.

Sent by partners-in-crime Meyer Lansky and Lucky Luciano to take care of West Coast business, Benjamin 'Bugsy' Siegel (Warren Beatty) settles down at once to a life of glitzy Hollywood glamour. Of the many film folk seduced by his charm, none attracts his attention as much as starlet Virginia Hill (Annette Bening); but their fraught affair, which places great strain on the womanising Siegel's otherwise happy marriage, is only one of the psychopathically violent mobster's obsessions. For he dreams, too, of building a casino-hotel (The Flamingo, after the long-legged Virginia) in the decrepit desert town of Las Vegas. But Bugsy's twin passions put him at risk: his reckless extravagance with Mob money and his dangerously high profile turn the crime barons against him.

With a sparkingly witty script by James Toback, classy direction by Barry Levinson and terrific performances all round, Beatty's return to the fray after the disappointing *Dick Tracy* is one of the most enjoyably adult entertainments out of Hollywood this year.

GEOFF ANDREW/TIME OUT

Diva (15) July 23-26

See under Main Films for notes.



The Lunatic (15) July 31-August 2

Director: Lol Creme. Jamaica, 1991.
Starring: Paul Campbell, Carl Bradshaw, Julie T. Wallace.
Colour. 95 mins.

Based on a book by ex-Kingston writer Anthony Winkler, *The Lunatic* presents an askance and disarmingly naïve view of Jamaican life, performed by a mainly Jamaican cast.

The story centres on the lunatic Aloysius (Paul Campbell) and the *ménage-à-trois* he sets up with fat, blonde German tourist Inga (British actress Julie T. Wallace) and mad, machete-wielding goat-butcher Service Johnson (Carl Bradshaw of *The Harder They Come* and *Smile Orange*). They take to sex, then to crime, thence retribution. You could read the movie as a kind of upbeat reggae satire-cum-parody. It dances through all the major social and cultural themes: Poverty, Education, Magic and Animism, Racism, Class, Religion, Sexual Politics, and finally CRICKET! The music score is by Wally Badarou, and the soundtrack sports such as Black Uhuru and Toots and the Maytals.

WALLY HAMMOND/TIME OUT



Betty Blue (18) August 6-9

See under Main Films for notes.

The Commitments (15) August 13-16

Director: Alan Parker. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Robert Arkins, Michael Aherne, Angeline Ball, Andrew Strong.
Colour. Dolby Stereo SR. 118 mins.

Arguably Alan Parker's best film, taken from Roddy Doyle's novel about the short-lived but magical attempt some young Dubliners to become a great soul band. It's utterly believable, with tons of musical in-jokes, a beautiful line in black, irreverent humour, and wonderfully staged concert sequences. There's a gritty, unvarnished backdrop of Dublin council estates, and terrific acting from a largely unknown cast.



The Last Boy Scout (18) August 20-23

Director: Tony Scott. U.S.A., 1991.
Starring: Bruce Willis, Damon Wayans, Chelsea Field.
Colour. Panavision. Dolby Stereo. 105 mins.

Every element is present and correct in this violent, smart-mouthed, buddy-buddy action-comedy, with just enough of an ironic inflection to ensure that familiarity breeds content. Bruce Willis plays a washed-up L.A. private eye whose partner is killed after passing on a small-time case. With his marriage on the rocks and his daughter under threat, he reluctantly teams up with sartorially smooth ex-football player Jimmy Dix (Damon Wayans) to crack the case. Naturally, the initial murder is just the tip of an iceberg, which engulfs major league football, prime time sports coverage, and the gambling interests of a ruthless businessman (Noble Willingham). Limited though his range is, Willis was born to play this type of role; the bonus here is that his flip smarm is matched by Wayans's suave charm. Despite the testosterone-charged violence and jaw-dropping sexism, the tone is one of self-conscious excess—a strategy which constantly undercuts the film's celebration of male-bonding conventions.

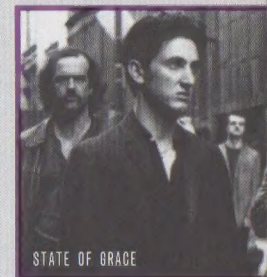
NIGEL FLOYD/TIME OUT

State of Grace (18) August 28-30

Director: Phil Joanou. U.S.A., 1990.
Starring: Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, Robin Wright.
Colour. Dolby Stereo. 134 mins.

Gangland movies have gone into overchurn of late, which may harm the chances and reputation of this saga about Irish-American hoods in Hell's Kitchen during the 1970s. While not in the same league as *GoodFellas*, it's out of the same stable, and though sometimes monstrously violent, it's a hugely impressive piece of work for a young director previously known for his U2 documentary. The plot is familiar: youthful loyalty compromised, betrayal, kinship, ethnic rivalry, return to roots, revenge. More important is the visual impact, which begins with a blur of motion and ends with a bloody St. Patrick's Day shoot-out. But most impactful are the performances: the much underrated Sean Penn as prodigal returnee Terry, Robin Wright as the ghetto woman who moved up and away, Ed Harris as the bossman, and, most astonishingly, Gary Oldman showing the ferocity of a Joe Pesci, the aimlessness of a *Mean Streets* De Niro and the sex-appeal of a pre-fight Rourke. This is a big, gutsy, brutal film, and it works. Mostly.

STEVE GRANT/TIME OUT



TRIANGLE CINEMA

JULY - AUGUST 1992

JULY

1 Wednesday

CAPE FEAR (18) 3.00 & 8.30 p.m.
AMERICAN GIGOLO (18) 6.15 p.m.

2 Thursday

CAPE FEAR (18) 3.00 & 8.30 p.m.
AMERICAN GIGOLO (18) 6.15 p.m.

3 Friday

CAPE FEAR (18) 3.00 & 11.15 p.m.
THE FIVE HEARTBEATS (15)
6.30 p.m.

LIGHT SLEEPER (15) 9.00 p.m.

4 Saturday

CAPE FEAR (18) 3.00 & 11.15 p.m.
THE FIVE HEARTBEATS (15)
6.30 p.m.

LIGHT SLEEPER (15) 9.00 p.m.

5 Sunday

CAPE FEAR (18) 3.00 p.m.
THE FIVE HEARTBEATS (15)
6.30 p.m.

LIGHT SLEEPER (15) 9.00 p.m.

6 Monday

LIGHT SLEEPER (15) 3.00 &
9.00 p.m.
THE FIVE HEARTBEATS (15)
6.30 p.m.

7 Tuesday

LIGHT SLEEPER (15) 3.00 &
9.00 p.m.
THE FIVE HEARTBEATS (15)
6.30 p.m.

8 Wednesday

LIGHT SLEEPER (15) 3.00 &
9.00 p.m.
THE FIVE HEARTBEATS (15)
6.30 p.m.

9 Thursday

TAXI DRIVER (18) 3.00, 6.30 &
8.45 p.m.

10 Friday

TAXI DRIVER (18) 3.00 & 6.00 p.m.
FRIED GREEN TOMATOES AT THE
WHISTLE STOP CAFÉ (12) 8.30 p.m.

JAZZ ALL-NIGHTER (15)

11.15 p.m.

11 Saturday

TAXI DRIVER (18) 3.00 &
11.15 p.m.
FRIED GREEN TOMATOES AT THE
WHISTLE STOP CAFÉ (12) 6.00 &
8.30 p.m.

12 Sunday

TAXI DRIVER (18) 3.00 p.m.
FRIED GREEN TOMATOES AT THE
WHISTLE STOP CAFÉ (12) 6.00 &
8.30 p.m.

13 Monday

MISSISSIPPI MASALA (15) 3.00 &
8.30 p.m.
THE MAMBO KINGS (15) 6.15 p.m.

14 Tuesday

MISSISSIPPI MASALA (15) 3.00 &
8.30 p.m.
THE MAMBO KINGS (15) 6.15 p.m.

15 Wednesday

MISSISSIPPI MASALA (15) 3.00 &
8.30 p.m.
THE MAMBO KINGS (15) 6.15 p.m.

16 Thursday

BUGSY (18) 3.00 p.m.
THE MAMBO KINGS (15) 6.15 p.m.
MISSISSIPPI MASALA (15)
8.30 p.m.

17 Friday

THE BEST INTENTIONS (15) 3.00 &
7.30 p.m.
BUGSY (18) 11.15 p.m.

18 Saturday

THE BEST INTENTIONS (15) 3.00 &
7.30 p.m.
BUGSY (18) 11.15 p.m.

19 Sunday

BUGSY (18) 3.00 p.m.
THE BEST INTENTIONS (15)
7.30 p.m.

20 Monday

THE BEST INTENTIONS (15) 3.00 &
7.30 p.m.

21 Tuesday

THE BEST INTENTIONS (15) 3.00 &
7.30 p.m.

22 Wednesday

THE BEST INTENTIONS (15) 3.00 &
7.30 p.m.

23 Thursday

DIVA (15) 3.00 p.m.
THE BEST INTENTIONS (15)
7.30 p.m.

24 Friday

DIVA (15) 3.00 & 11.15 p.m.
THE BEST INTENTIONS (15)
7.30 p.m.

25 Saturday

DIVA (15) 2.00 & 11.15 p.m.
PELLE THE CONQUEROR (15)
4.30 p.m.

THE BEST INTENTIONS (15)
7.30 p.m.

26 Sunday

DIVA (15) 2.00 p.m.
PELLE THE CONQUEROR (15)
4.30 p.m.

THE BEST INTENTIONS (15)
7.30 p.m.

27 Monday

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VÉRONIQUE
(15) 3.00 & 7.00 p.m.
PEPI, LUCI, BOM... (18) 5.15 &
9.00 p.m.

28 Tuesday

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VÉRONIQUE
(15) 3.00 & 7.00 p.m.
PEPI, LUCI, BOM... (18) 5.15 &
9.00 p.m.

29 Wednesday

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VÉRONIQUE
(15) 3.00 & 7.00 p.m.
PEPI, LUCI, BOM... (18) 5.15 &
9.00 p.m.

30 Thursday

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VÉRONIQUE
(15) 3.00 & 7.00 p.m.
PEPI, LUCI, BOM... (18) 5.15 &
9.00 p.m.

31 Friday

HOWARDS END (PG) 2.30, 5.30 &
8.15 p.m.
THE LUNATIC (15) 11.15 p.m.

AUGUST

1 Saturday

HOWARDS END (PG) 2.30, 5.30 &
8.15 p.m.
THE LUNATIC (15) 11.15 p.m.

2 Sunday

THE LUNATIC (15) 3.00 p.m.
HOWARDS END (PG) 5.30 &
8.15 p.m.

3 Monday

HOWARDS END (PG) 2.30, 5.30 &
8.15 p.m.

4 Tuesday

HOWARDS END (PG) 2.30, 5.30 &
8.15 p.m.

5 Wednesday

HOWARDS END (PG) 2.30, 5.30 &
8.15 p.m.

6 Thursday

BETTY BLUE (18) 3.00 & 7.30 p.m.

7 Friday

BETTY BLUE (18) 3.00 & 7.30 &
11.15 p.m.

8 Saturday

BETTY BLUE (18) 3.00 & 7.30 &
11.15 p.m.

9 Sunday

BETTY BLUE (18) 3.00 & 7.30 p.m.

10 Monday

THE RAPTURE (15) 3.00 &
8.45 p.m.
Ray: PATHER PANCHALI (U)
6.30 p.m.

11 Tuesday

THE RAPTURE (15) 3.00 &
8.45 p.m.
Ray: APARAJITO (U) 6.30 p.m.

12 Wednesday

THE RAPTURE (15) 3.00 &
8.45 p.m.

13 Thursday

THE COMMITMENTS (15) 3.00 p.m.
THE RAPTURE (15) 6.30 &
8.45 p.m.

14 Friday

THE COMMITMENTS (15) 3.00 &
11.15 p.m.
AUTOBUS (15) 7.00 p.m.
THE PLAYBOYS (12) 9.00 p.m.

15 Saturday

THE COMMITMENTS (15) 3.00 &
11.15 p.m.
AUTOBUS (15) 7.00 p.m.
THE PLAYBOYS (12) 9.00 p.m.

16 Sunday

THE COMMITMENTS (15) 3.00 p.m.
AUTOBUS (15) 7.00 p.m.
THE PLAYBOYS (12) 9.00 p.m.

17 Monday

THE PLAYBOYS (12) 3.00 &
7.00 p.m.
AUTOBUS (15) 5.15 & 9.15 p.m.

18 Tuesday

THE PLAYBOYS (12) 3.00 &

7.00 p.m.

AUTOBUS (15) 5.15 & 9.15 p.m.

19 Wednesday

THE PLAYBOYS (12) 3.00 &
7.00 p.m.

AUTOBUS (15) 5.15 & 9.15 p.m.

20 Thursday

THE LAST BOY SCOUT (18)
3.00 p.m.
AUTOBUS (15) 5.15 & 9.15 p.m.
THE PLAYBOYS (12) 7.00 p.m.

21 Friday

THE LAST BOY SCOUT (18) 3.00 &
11.15 p.m.
NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 6.15 p.m.

THE PLAYER (15) 8.45 p.m.

22 Saturday

THE LAST BOY SCOUT (18) 3.00 &
11.15 p.m.
NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 6.15 p.m.
THE PLAYER (15) 8.45 p.m.

23 Sunday

THE LAST BOY SCOUT (18)
3.00 p.m.
NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 6.15 p.m.

THE PLAYER (15) 8.45 p.m.

24 Monday

THE PLAYER (15) 3.00 & 8.45 p.m.
NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 6.15 p.m.

25 Tuesday

THE PLAYER (15) 3.00 & 5.30 p.m.
Special Preview: LES AMANTS DU
PONT-NEUF (18) 8.00 p.m.

26 Wednesday

THE PLAYER (15) 3.00 & 8.45 p.m.
NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 6.15 p.m.

27 Thursday

THE PLAYER (15) 3.00 & 8.45 p.m.
NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 6.15 p.m.

28 Friday

STATE OF GRACE (18) 3.00 &
11.15 p.m.

EUROPA, EUROPA (15) 6.30 p.m.

NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 8.45 p.m.

29 Saturday

STATE OF GRACE (18) 3.00 &
11.15 p.m.

EUROPA, EUROPA (15) 6.30 p.m.

NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 8.45 p.m.

30 Sunday

STATE OF GRACE (18) 3.00 p.m.

EUROPA, EUROPA (15) 6.30 p.m.

NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 8.45 p.m.

31 Monday

NIGHT ON EARTH (15) 3.00 &
8.45 p.m.

EUROPA, EUROPA (15) 6.30 p.m.